

BOBBY SHERMAN

I'll never forget the time Bobby was about three years old he came running to me all excited about riding on a fire truck!

"A fire truck?" I thought, "What in the world...!" Bobby was talking so fast I could hardly understand what he was saying!

"I really did it," he continued. "They let me ride to the sky on the ladder and slide down the pole at the fire station and..."

Now things were starting to make a little more sense! "Wait a minute, Bobby," I said. "When did you ride on the fire truck?"

"Last night after supper."

I knew for sure now what I had suspected all along was right—Bobby was telling me about a dream!

I'll never forget the expression on his face when I explained to him what dreams were all about. He looked bewildered, disappointed and surprised at the same time. He didn't even want to believe what I was telling him at first! But then he finally said "I guess you're right, Mom, but if I ride on a fire truck again, I hope it will be for real!"



BOBBY
DAVID CASSIDY

When I think back upon the years when David was a growing boy, there is always one thing that stood out—his smile! I think David was a very happy young lad and he had a special smile from the very beginning.

In fact, his smile was so wonderful that I used to call him Smiling Sam! It seems that almost every time I saw David he had a grin on his face—and such a sincere grin, one of true happiness.

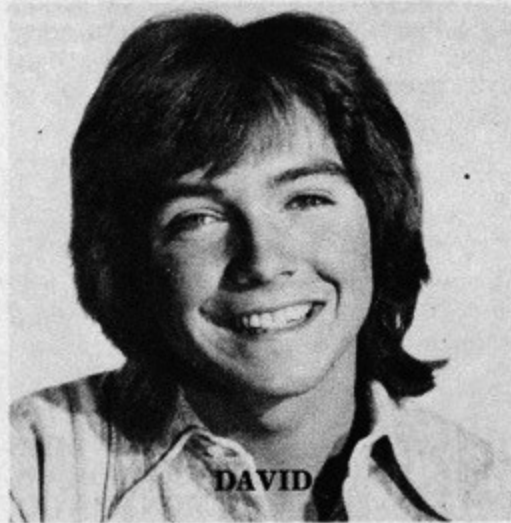
Of course, like all other children David had his moments of despair and of sadness, but somehow he always managed to come bouncing back and it wasn't long before that magical grin would spread over his entire face.

Even today, whenever I see David for a visit, and even on television, I often catch a glimpse of Smiling

A Mother's

A mother's memories are always sort of special, and this month some of your fave's proud mothers would like to share them with you!

Sam. He's still got that wonderful smile that reflects the inner happiness and positiveness he feels about life!



DAVID
JACK WILD

My favorite memory of Jack is something that happened when he was about 8 years old. He fell madly head-over-heels in love with a little girl down the road whose name was Sarah.

The reason I found out about it was because one afternoon when I went into my bedroom, he was standing there at my dressing table, spraying every bottle of perfume available on him!

I asked him what he was doing, and he said he was going to buy some perfume for Sarah, but he didn't know which one smelled the best, so he was trying them all!

I think it took at least three baths to get the smell off him, but finally when he smelled like a little boy again, I took him into town and helped him select a little bottle of cologne for "his girl."

I never asked him if she liked it, I didn't want to pry, but I guess it worked, because up until the day she moved away several months later, they were together almost half of the time!



JACK

THE OSMOND BROTHERS

I've got so many fond memories of the boys that it's difficult to choose one above the others. However, one memory that always comes to mind is special because it happened at a very special time.

I had given birth to the first baby girl in our wonderful family of boys and I was still in the hospital! I recall the nurse had brought little Marie to me and as I lay with her propped up in my arms I began to hear singing!

As it got louder I suddenly realized the voices were very familiar ones—my sons! They had come out to the hospital and were serenading me from the parking lot, two stories below! They were singing a beautiful song, the first line goes, "I want a girl, just like the girl, that married dear old dad."

I couldn't stop the tears from



OSMOND